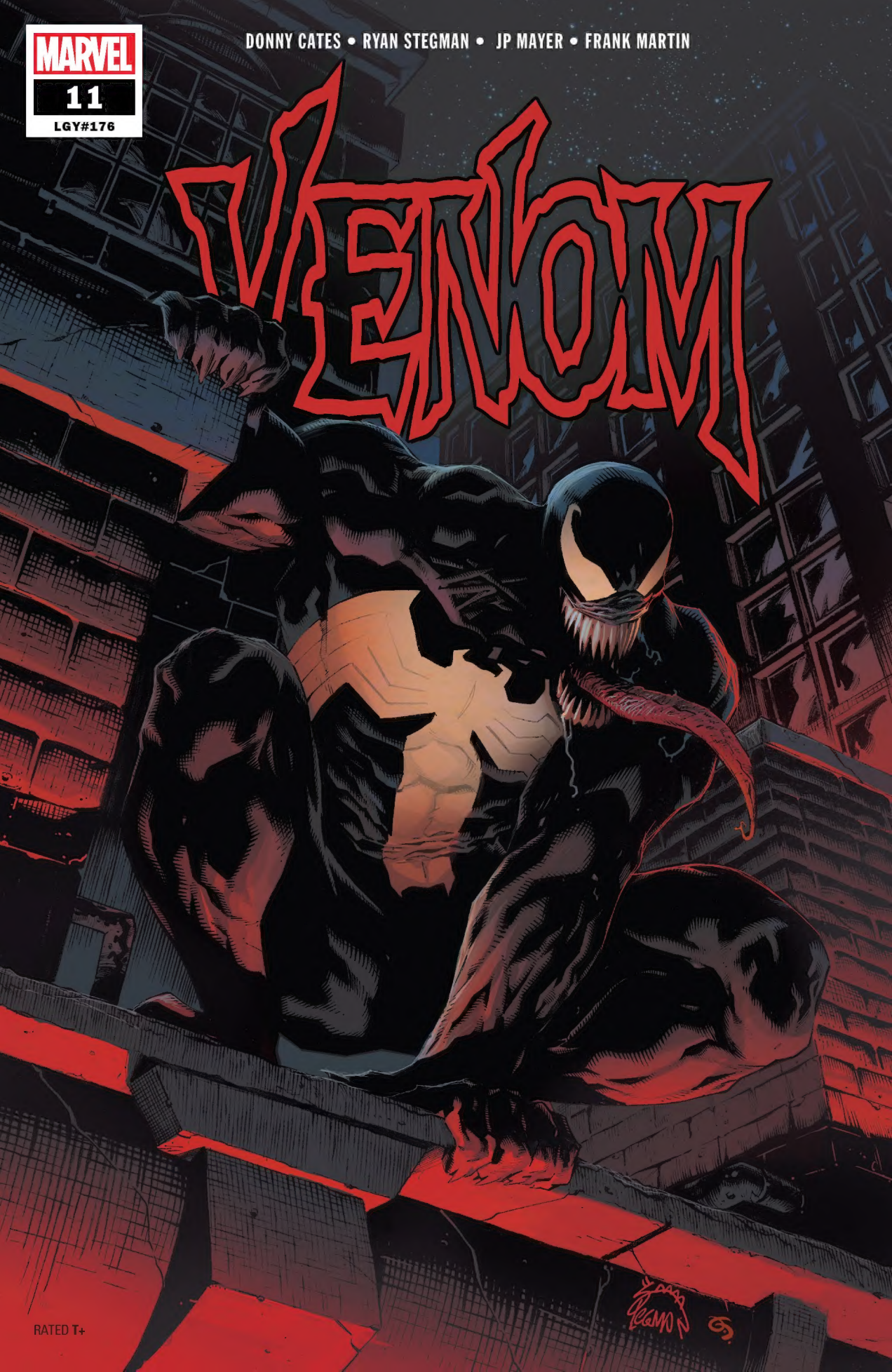
MARVEL
11
LGY#176
DONNY CATES • RYAN STEGMAN • JP MAYER • FRANK MARTIN
VENOM
RATED T+

DISGRACED REPORTER **EDDIE BROCK** STUMBLED UPON AN AGGRESSIVE ALIEN ORGANISM, CALLED THE SYMBIOTE, DURING ONE OF THE LOWEST POINTS OF HIS LIFE. SHARING A SIMILAR NEED FOR JUSTICE IN THE FORM OF VENGEANCE, THE SYMBIOTE BONDED WITH EDDIE, AND THEIR UNION GRANTED HIM POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF SPIDER-MAN, AS WELL AS A NUMBER OF OTHER UNIQUE ABILITIES. TOGETHER, THEY NOW FIGHT CRIME AS THE WICKED WEB-SLINGER CALLED

VENOM

AFTER A MASSIVE BATTLE WITH AN ANCIENT SYMBIOTE, THE VENOM SYMBIOTE NO LONGER HAS A PERSONALITY OR VOICE. INSTEAD, IT IS AN AMORPHOUS ALIEN ORGANISM THAT RESPONDS TO THE SUBCONSCIOUS IMPULSES OF ITS HOST, EDDIE BROCK.

WORSE YET, THE CREATURE HAS BEEN TAMPERING WITH EDDIE'S MEMORIES, WHICH LED EDDIE TO RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO AND HIS ESTRANGED FATHER, CARL BROCK, AND TO THE SURPRISING DISCOVERY OF HIS HALF BROTHER, DYLAN BROCK!

BRUISED AND BATTERED, APPARENTLY AT THE HANDS OF THEIR FATHER, DYLAN APPROACHED EDDIE ABOUT KILLING CARL. HOWEVER, THE MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS PLAGUING EDDIE CAUSED HIM TO HALLUCINATE AND LASH OUT AT DYLAN BEFORE ULTIMATELY COLLAPSING, FORCING DYLAN TO TAKE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL...AND STRAIGHT INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THE MAKER!

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STEGMAN SNACKS
BROCK?
BROCK?
BROCK?
SNACKS
EDDIE...
...YOU CAN'T IGNORE THIS FOREVER.
MARY?
I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED. BUT I'M HERE.
CANCER WARD
YOU'RE NOT ALONE.

IT'S -COUGH- OKAY, KIDS. COME ON IN...

YOUR OLD UNCLE DAN WON'T -COUGH- HURT YOU.

NO. NO, THIS ISN'T REAL.

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?

EXIT

EXIT

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

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EDDIE, YOU KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM.
HE'S INFECTED.
WITH THE ABYSS.
NO. NO, THIS ISN'T HOW I REMEMBER THIS. UNCLE DAN WAS SICK...HE HAD... CANCER? BUT...BUT IT WASN'T LIKE THIS... THIS ISN'T--
EXIT
EDWARD, TRY TO BE CALM, SON. YOU AREN'T WELL.
WE'RE YOUR FAMILY. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.
YOU AREN'T ALO--
NO!
THIS IS ALL WRONG. YOU WOULD NEVER...
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!
WHERE AM I?!

Where are you, Brock?
IS-- IS HE OKAY?
No, of course he is not okay, child. He has cancer.
...I think.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? YOU *THINK?*

It's quite obvious. Looking at his chart and his prior medical history--an infant could diagnose his returning cancer.

WHRR

However, he has, as you can see, been encased by an alien life-form in some sort of stasis cocoon...

...which is presently, quite infuriatingly, preventing me from assessing his current situation.

It also means that you should remove yourself from this room.

WHAT? WHY?

Because, child, in order to properly assess your brother's current medical situation, I will need to temporarily remove the symbiote from his person.

Killing him to find out what's killing him.

Hmmm, quite ironic, I suppose.

Alas...

SNAP

Which, in all likelihood, will result in extreme withdrawal, perhaps even death. I'm sure you would rather not see such things...

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...such is the burden of *science.*

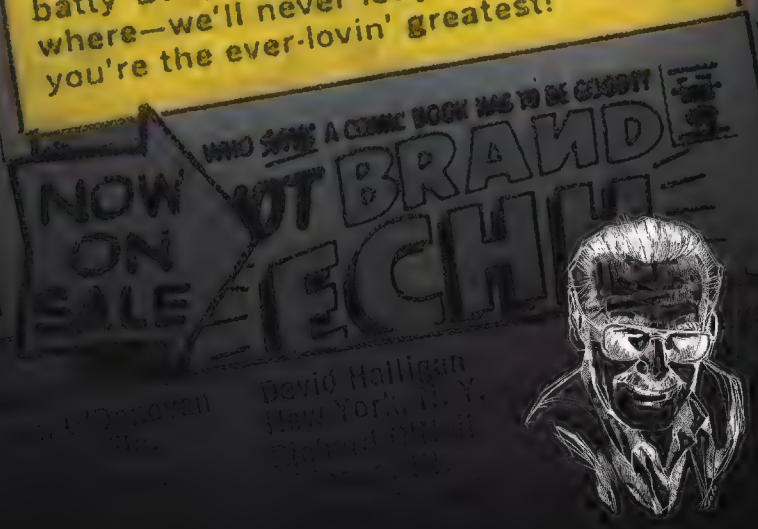
AGH! SOMEONE, PLEASE HELP!
DYLAN!
DYLAN, GET OVER HERE!
GET--AGH!-- GET OFF ME. THAT IS MY SON, DAMMIT!
DYLAN!
NO...
DYLAN!

DYLAN!
AGHH! STOP IT!
STOP IT!
WHAT?
...WHERE... WHERE AM I?
OH, COME NOW, EDDIE...
...SURELY YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THIS PLACE.
THE PLACE YOU WERE BORN.
NO...

WHY DID YOU COME HERE?
I...I WAS GOING TO...
I WAS GOING TO END IT.
WHY?
I...I HAD LOST EVERYTHING. I WAS ALONE.
AND I WAS... DYING.
I HAD CANCER.
122882
THAT'S AWFUL, EDDIE. BUT WHY DID YOU COME HERE?
TO SAY GOODBYE.
TO WHO?
TO GOD.
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
WHY DIDN'T YOU DIE?
YOU KNOW WHY.

STAN'S SOAPBOX!

This is as good a place as any to thank you once more for being the most wonderful fans any publishing company ever had! If Marvel is on top of the heap, it's your support that's put us there! If Marvel gives you the type of mags you want, it's your letters that have told us how! And, if Marvel occasionally comes up with a clinker, go hang your head, hero! Whatever we are, you've made us! We've had a lot of laughs together, and a lot of excitement—and the best is still ahead! So face front, frantic one, Marvel's on the march—and we're not taking a step without you! On behalf of the entire batty Bullpen, to True Believers everywhere—we'll never let you down, 'cause you're the ever-lovin' greatest!



STAN LEE
FOREVER

YES.
I DO.
AGHHH!!!
IT'S OKAY.
THERE IS NO BIRTH WITHOUT SCREAMING.
LET IT BECOME YOU.
LET US HEAL YOU.
SEE? YOU DON'T EVER HAVE TO BE SCARED, EDDIE.
YOU DON'T EVER HAVE TO BE ALO--

AGHHH!
BOOOOOOM
WHAT... WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
...RICHARDS...

AGHHHH!
EEEEEEEEEE!!!
VWAAAAAAAAMMM
The pain stops when you let him go, bug.
CLK-
CLK-
CLK
And not a moment before.

NO. NO, WAIT. THIS IS ALL...
OUR--OUR CONNECTION IS FAILING. WE AREN'T LINKED...
I CAN SEE IT NOW. ALL OF IT.
EDDIE, NO!!!
YOU... YOU AREN'T MARY...
ALL THE LIES. ALL OF THE TRUTH.
YOU... YOU AREN'T MARY!
THERE NEVER WAS A MARY.
YOU PUT HER IN MY HEAD. MADE ME LOVE HER.
WHY?! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?!
EDDIE. CALM DOWN.
YOU'RE VERY SICK.

AM I?!
EDDIE...YES. THE CANCER HAS RETURNED AND YOU--
STOP LYING TO ME!
YOU SHOW ME THIS IMAGE OF MY UNCLE DYING OF CANCER. HIM ALONE AND HOLLOW IN A BED SURROUNDED BY NO ONE.
BUT I REMEMBER NOW!
I NEVER HAD AN UNCLE!
NEVER WATCHED HIM WITHER AWAY!
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME? TO US? WHY DID YOU PUT THESE THINGS IN MY HEAD?
I THOUGHT WE WERE BEYOND THIS.
EDDIE...
I THOUGHT...

...I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME.

IT...IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE YOU STAY...

YOU HAD TO *NEED* US.

WAIT.

NO...

YOU...IT'S YOU...

NO! EDDIE, DON'T DO THIS! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WE WERE WEAK! WE... WE ARE HURT. WE CANNOT HELP OUR NATURE!

JUST RECONNECT WITH US. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO HURT LIKE THIS. WE CAN MAKE THIS GO AWAY!

MY SISTER WHO DIDN'T EXIST. DIED OF CANCER.

MY UNCLE WHO WAS NEVER THERE. DIED OF CANCER.

THAT NIGHT IN THE CHURCH...I WAS GOING TO KILL MYSELF BECAUSE I...I HAD CANCER...

BUT...BUT IT'S NOT REAL, IS IT?

JUST MEMORIES YOU PUT THERE TO SCARE ME...

IT KEEPS COMING BACK. THIS BLACKNESS...

IT WAS NEVER CANCER...

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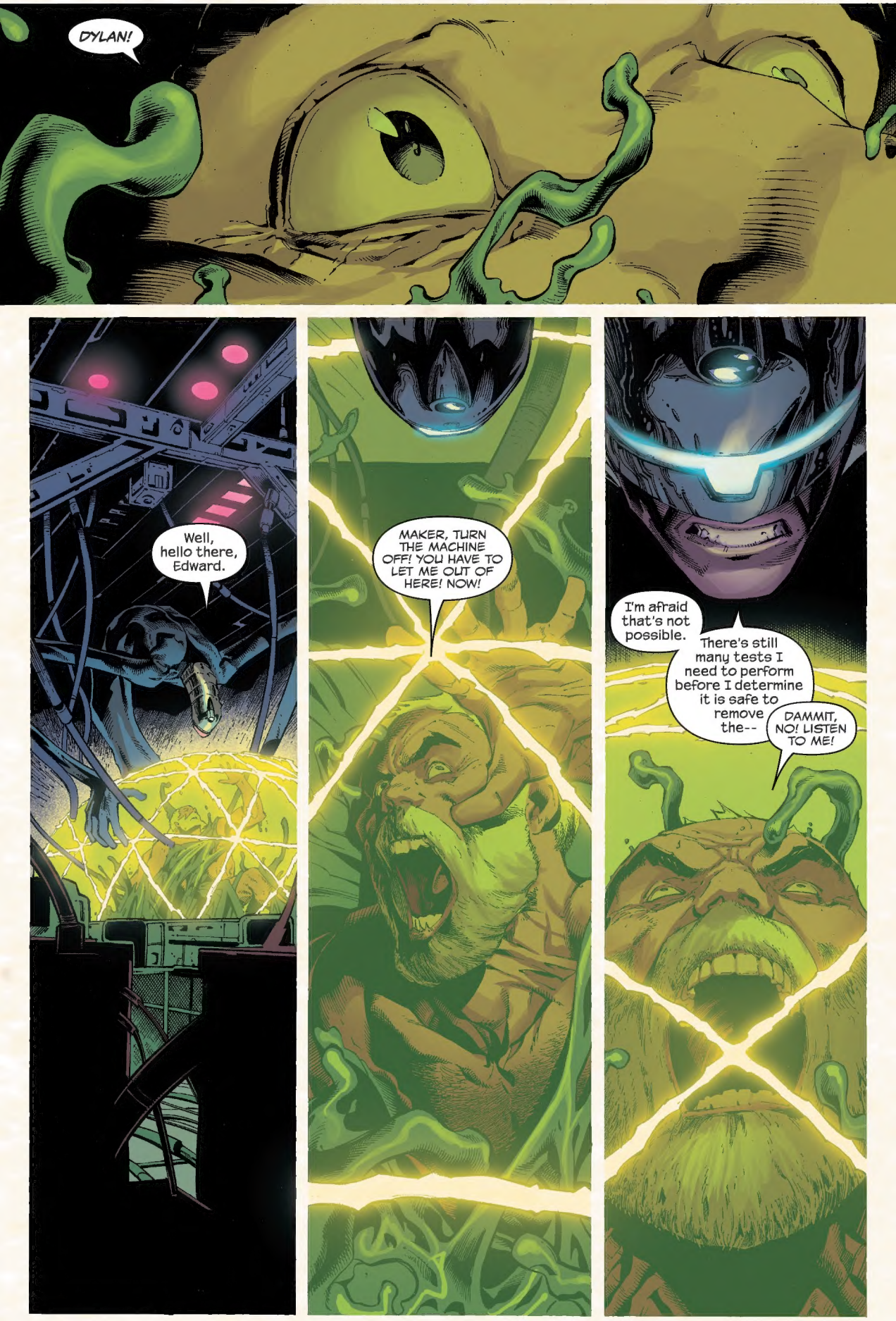
IT WAS JUST YOU.
YOU MADE ME THINK I WAS ROTTING EVERY TIME I WANTED TO LEAVE!
ALTERED MY BODY TO MAKE THE TESTS READ THAT I WAS DYING!
SO I WOULD NEED YOU!
SO I WOULDN'T HAVE A CHOICE!
WE WERE SCARED!
WE'RE ALWAYS SCARED!

OF WHAT?!
OF LOSING YOU! OF BEING ALONE!
SO YOU MANIPULATE ME INTO STAYING WITH YOU?!
IN THE PAST, I UNDERSTAND, WE WERE...FRAGILE. WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER... BUT...
WHY? WHY NOW?!
YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO US, EDDIE. BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. WE LEFT YOU IN THE MOTEL ROOM. WE FOLLOWED A SCENT AND FOUND SOMETHING UNDERGROUND.
SOMETHING IS COMING. SOMETHING HORRIBLE. IT'S HIM. HE'S BACK AND WE HAVE TO BE STRONG.
WE CANNOT BE SEPARATED! WE HAVE TO BE--
ANSWER ME! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!
BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE US!
WHY? WHY WOULD YOU THINK THAT?
BECAUSE OF HIM! BECAUSE OF WHAT HE REALLY IS!
BECAUSE OF--


DYLAN!
Well, hello there, Edward.
MAKER, TURN THE MACHINE OFF! YOU HAVE TO LET ME OUT OF HERE! NOW!
I'm afraid that's not possible.
There's still many tests I need to perform before I determine it is safe to remove the--
DAMMIT, NO! LISTEN TO ME!

WHERE IS DYLAN?
The child? Hmmmm, I suppose he's wandered off.
Don't worry, the authorities have contacted his father. He should be here to take custody of him.
NO! GOD, NO. I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.
YOU HAVE TO LET ME OUT!
If I remove you from this containment field, your symbiote will reattach itself.
If I remove the symbiote, you will likely die.
What would you have me do?
YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. BUT GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
I HAVE TO GET TO DYLAN BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
Eddie, why are you so upset?
I'm sure your little brother will be perfectly fine.
HE'S NOT MY BROTHER!

"HE'S MY SON!"
TO BE CONTINUED...

VENOM

#12

HEY, VENOMANIACS! THE FIRST 10 ISSUES OF THIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL EPIC ARE ON SALE RIGHT NOW! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GO GET IT! AND LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THE STORY SO FAR BY WRITING TO US AT SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM! BE SURE TO MARK YOUR LETTERS "OKAY TO PRINT"!

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